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Staine's Morris

Traditional - A May Song

Then to the maypole, haste away
For 'tis now our holiday
Then to the maypole, haste away
For 'tis now our holiday

Come ye young men, come along
With your music dance and song
Bring your lasses in your hands
For 'tis that which love commands

[chorus]

'Tis the choise time of the year
And the violets now appear
Now the rose receives its birth
And pretty primrose decks the earth

[chorus]

Here each bachlor may choose
One that will not faith abuse
Now repay with coy distain
Love that should be lov'd again

[chorus]

And when you well reckoned have
What kisses you your sweethearts gave
Take them all again, and more
It will never make them poor.

[chorus]

When you thus have spent the time
Till the day be past its prime
To your beds repair at night
And dream there of your day's delight

[chorus]

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